THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

Some years since, a periodical work, abounding in easy poetry, and gay mirth, appeared in London, with the dazzling, though not deluding title of "*The Meteors*." Its eccentrick manner and sparkling wit justified the appellation. Certain of our correspondents who are unwilling to enlist for a long term in the service of Literature, are disposed, however, to try their fortune in a few skirmishes, as in the commencement of the American revolutionary war it was the custom for our gallant militia to stipulate their services for *three* and *six* months only, to the infinite benefit of the country and the great comfort of Gen. Washington. Seriously, as according to some computations there are but six Planets, according to others seven, and certainly not more than ten, even if Herschel and the French astronomers are believed, our correspondents have styled their speculations "The Planets," more for the sake of brevity than any thing else. As our literary wanderers rove from one to the other, they will, with such quick eyes as we know them to possess, see something new and strange. The Moon, madness out of the question, will throw a mild and pleasing radiance over their speculations. From Venus we may certainly expect love, and wit and eloquence from Mercury. As for this vile globule, the Earth, Saturn the leaden, and Jupiter the frosty, I swear, by the three goose quills, that constitute the whole of my *real* property, that, were I in the place of my correspondents, I would not say a word which had not the sting of an epigram. But for Mars, that gallant captain with the smart cockade, pray gentlemen, follow the drum with a row dow dow; and, at this *warlike* season, when the *boys* in our streets can scarcely forbear *marching* to London, and, with both hands tied behind them, engaging in single combat the British Lion himself, say the finest things imaginable in praise of war. So shall we, at length, be blessed with the smiles of the populace, the grin of Gallatin, and even the patronage of the President himself. By publishing fine things of Mars and his myrmidons, who knows but that we may supersede Barker in the command of the militia, and Commodore Barron, *without* his gunboat.

For The Port Folio.

THE PLANETS.

No. I.

I'll ride upon the dogstar,
And then pursue the morning;
I'll chase the Moon, till it be noon,
And make her quit her horning.

SINCE the expulsion of our first parents from the garden of Eden, travelling has been common in all ages and countries, and among all classes of mankind. Originating in a curse, it has become a blessing. To point out all the advantages derived from this source would be a vain attempt. A community of soil and climate is among them. The fruits of the earth, no longer procured by the sweat of the brow, are presented to the traveller in all their luxurious variety. The teeming cluster melts within his grasp, and friends as distant as the Poles partake its nectar; richly it sparkles in their goblets; and sheds around the mind the genial influence

of softer climes. Nature displays herself only to the traveller. The inmost recesses of her temple are open to his view. The placid lake overshadowed by the grove, at noon invites his weary limbs to lave. The gelid fount arising from the hill with chrystal surface, tempts his parching lips. The varied landscape greets his eager eye. Potosi's richest mines are laid before him. Golconda's gems sparkle beneath his tread. Arabian spices scent the gale he breathes.

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Such were my reflections, when I found myself insulated from the world; without one friend to whom my existence was important. My patrimony had placed me in a situation to gratify my wishes, and the indulgence of them was my only care.

In infancy my travels commenced. My schools were earth, and ocean; admiration the first lesson I learned. But the mind cannot long wonder inactively; it is unhappy when dissatisfied with itself, and the desire of knowledge, is a principle, as deeply seated as the desire of happiness.* Actuated by it I traversed various countries and eagerly inquired into their productions, and peculiarities. The frozen Lena† did not chill my ardour; borne on her icy bosom I have breathed the gale which the same hour howled around the Pole. Siberian deserts, robbed of their horrours, taught me that novelty can always please. Hence to the realms where fiery sunbeams scorch the vale, I traced my eager way. But Africk's sands of gold could not impede my steps. The busy East upon whose mart a thousand nations meet, to bear her products round the globe, I next approached. Bramins, and Faquhirs upon Ganges' bank, have warned me that my life was short; but Jos, and Juggernaut‡ have not destroyed me, and HE who counts my days has kept me for scenes of greater wonder.

Although absent from my native country many years, they now appear as the short dreams of Summer. Since my return I have found, that if nations differ, individuals do also: that if the Tropicks differ from the Poles, man as widely differs from his neighbour. The tour of a city, and the tour of the world, alike convey this truth to the mind. I resolved therefore to contemplate the characters of men, and here novelty met me at every step. I found a man who called himself my friend, and whom I supposed ready to lay down his life to serve me: a single word uttered in anger, made him my most inveterate foe. Those with whom I mixed appeared all to have some grand object in view, which was to insure them happiness. That attained, another assumed the ascendency, and verified the remark of the poet, "man never is, but always to be blest." The pursuits of Ambition, Love, and Wealth, occupy the time of youth, manhood, and old age. But how variously do they operate! Ambition has led Napoleon to the conquest of nations, the subversion of kingdoms, and the pinnacle of glory. It has led millions to the grave. Love has impelled its votaries, to every variety of wretchedness and wo; and to vicissitudes of unbounded rapture. The pursuit of Wealth has done more than Love or Ambition. It has humanized mankind, and taught that chains of gold are firmer than any bonds of affection. It has saved millions and destroyed millions. What has it not done?§ Whilst so many are engaged in the pursuits of Wealth, Love, and Ambition, I am occupied in pursuit of Novelty. This has always been the motive of my actions. This has led

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* My friend differs with the "wise man" who asserted that "whoso increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." He has however the sanction of another wise man for his opinion: "*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*"—A.

† This river rises in Siberia in Asiatick Russia, and running northward from lat. 55° to 72°, empties into the Frozen Ocean. The Russians hope to find it communicating with China.

‡ The names of Pagan gods.

§ Sacra auri fames, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?"

me through dangers which might appal a fainter heart. Thunders have rolled over my head in vain. In vain the impetuous billows have dashed my bark upon the rocks. The hungry tenants of the wood have howled around my couch, and adders lurked beneath the grass I trod. Not these dangers have curbed my roving spirit; home has no delights for me, or rather I have no home to delight me. The world is my abode, and even this has become insipid. Eagerly, anxiously have I wished to be transported to other planets. Surely, I have thought, other worlds there are, where beings different from man reside. Fancy's wings are unable to waft me to them. In vain Montgolfier mounted his ærial car. Pialtre was dashed from the Heavens into atoms.* Less vain, however have proved my own attempts. My resolution formed, no obstacles appeared insurmountable; nor were they: but let me never disclose what to mortal eyes must be veiled in mystery! My prayers have been heard! I am on the wing.

Adieu.

For The Port Folio.

ON THE OLYMPICK GAMES, &c.

From an Original Work, entitled "Memoirs of Anacreon, translated from the Greek of Critias of Athens, by Charles Sedley, Esq.

(*Continued from page* 207.)

The lively animation with which the last speaker defended the character of Homer, produced in my mind a train of reflections upon his life and profession.

To poverty we are not less indebted for the songs of olden time, than for many of those of a modern date. The sad historian of the plains of Troy, could find no liberal heart and loosened purse to cheer his grief and administer to his wants. This compelled him to resort to the profession of an Αοιδος (or strolling bard), a character well known in those days. It was the policy of the Egyptian law to interdict all Musick as tending to enervate the mind, and Poetry, her sister art, was so shackled by the proscription of authority as to droop her head. But in Greece, where the very spirit of the government expands the mind, and the mildness of the climate invigorates the fancy, they have ever been cherished with the fondest care. This passion for poetry gave rise to the profession of Homer. In those day-dreams which imagination sometimes inspires, I have contemplated the Αοιδος, strolling from city to city, free from care, unrestrained by the discipline of the law, and uncontrolled by the power of magistracy; eliciting tears from the tender, and commanding the homage of the powerful—such a man have I wished to be.

We are told by Hecatæus, who lived not long after Homer, that an Αοιδος must know Πολλα θελκτηρια, *many soothing* tales, to win the ear: his subjects must be εργα Ανδρωντε θεωντε, *the deeds of Gods and men*, for theirs it is

Θεοισι τε και ανδρων ποισι αειδειν

To mortals and immortals both to sing.

That Homer was of this profession all historical testimony concurs in avouching: but it is more particularly declared in his own hymn to Latona and her offspring, Apollo and Diana, whose feast was held at Delos, and was attended by a vast concourse of people from Ionia and the adjacent isles.

"*Hail, ye Heavenly Powers,*" exclaims the poet, "*whose praises I delight to sing; let my name be remembered in the ages that are rolling on: and when the weary traveller reclines in our porticos and inquires** *who is the sweetest among the singers of the flowing verse, who strikes the harp most melodiously at your banquets, and whose songs steal most pleasantly on your delighted*

• Pilâtre du Rozier, the celebrated and intrepid philosopher. He was sailing in a balloon filled with inflammable air, a thunder storm arose, a flash of lightning struck the balloon: it exploded, and the unfortunate youth was dashed to the earth. A.

* —Τις δ' υμμιν ανηρ ηδιστος Αοιδων
Ενθαδε πωλειται; κη τεω τερπεστθε μαλιστα?

ears. Then do ye, Powers who inspired me, make answer—it is the blind man who dwells in Chios; his songs are sweeter than all that can be sung."†

When the bard entered a house he was greeted with welcome words by the host. In the words of Homer himself, he gladly received *the bard divine to cheer him with a song.* His wearied limbs were placed upon a couch, where his thirst was allayed and food was liberally provided. Next he bathed, and after he had drank some Μη λιηδεα Οινον (*heart-cheering wine*), he was called upon to contribute his mite towards the general entertainment. Then the bard pours a libation to Jupiter Hospitalis, and sings to his generous entertainer:

I know thou lov'st a brimming measure
And art a kindly cordial host;
But let me drink and fill at pleasure,
Thus I enjoy the liquor most.‡

Then he attunes his harp, his voice is raised, and they feel that benignant influence which is powerful to banish grief, to assuage our angry passions, and to cast a pleasing oblivion over all those causes of discontent and distress, which strew the rugged path of life with thorns. After suffering the wants of hunger, having been pressed down by fatigue, while he vainly strove to shelter his body from the blast, how joyful is it to experience a cordial reception and find a lavish banquet. The sensitive heart of the bard, alive to every impression, is warmed to the enthusiasm of genius. He opens his whole soul in strains of poetick inspiration. The boldest metaphors sparkle in his vivid verse, and figures dart through his lines with a splendour and rapidity which defy the feeble grasp of criticism.

* Certainly the most beautiful madness and amiable possession is, when the love of the Muses seizes upon a soft and sensible mind. It is then that it exalts the soul, throws the votary into ecstasies, and bursts out into hymns and songs and other strains of poesy, and at once celebrate the high achievements of ancient times, and instruct generations to come. This is so certain, that whoever he be that pretends to the favours of the Muse, without partaking of this madness, from an opinion, perhaps, that art alone is sufficient to make poetry, he may assure himself that he will fail in his character: his work will be lame; and while the productions of the inspired poetick train, are read and admired, his sober performance will sink into oblivion.

My reflections were interrupted by the loud laughter of a group of young men who were amusing themselves with griphical amusements,† or enigmatical questions so incongruous, that it seemed impossible for the liveliest ingenuity to reconcile their apparent contradictions. One of these wits asked, "What is that which is very large at its birth and also in old age, but very small when at maturity?" The various answers which he received increased the diversion, and the reiterated peals of laughter that followed each unsuccessful attempt almost prevented any one from proposing another solution. At length a happy thought relieved our curiosity. It was a *shadow*, which is large in the morning and evening, and diminutive at mid-day. Another said, "There are two sisters who continually beget each other." These parents, children, and sisters, we learnt were, *Day*

† Τυφλος ἀνὴρ οικεῖ δὴ χιω ἐνι παιπαλοεσσυ.
Τᾦ πᾶσαι μετοπισθεν ἀριπτευουσιν ᾠδαί.
"Ομηρ" Υμνος εἰς Ἀπολλονει.

This hymn is ascribed to Homer on the authority of the authour of the very ingenious "Inquiry in the Life and Writings of Homer." Fourth Edition. Glasgow, 1761. I have found the original preserved in Thucydides, lib. iii, ch. 134.

‡ Maxwell's edition of Moore's Anacreon, page 280.

* This passage is from Plato in Phædro.

† Griph, from γρῖφος which signifies a net. This *classical* and diverting pastime has continued to the present time. There is no doubt of its having been known among the ancients. Suid. in Γρῖφ. Schol. Aristoph. in Vesp. v. 20. Theodect. of Athen. lib. 10, 20, &c.

and *Night*.‡ Those who offered solutions which they were unable to support were obliged to pay certain forfeits.

(*To be continued,*)

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

The present article is composed of extracts from the writings of Sir William Jones.

"The Persian style is said to be ridiculously bombastick, and this fault is imputed to the slavish spirit of the nation, which is ever apt to magnify the objects that are placed above it: there are bad writers, to be sure, in every country, and as many in Asia as elsewhere; but if we take the pains to learn the Persian language, we shall find that those authours who are generally esteemed in Persia, are neither slavish in their sentiments, nor ridiculous in their expressions: of which the following passage, in a moral work of Sadi, entitled Bostan, or The Garden, will be a sufficient proof:

"I have heard that King Nashervan, just before his death, spoke thus to Hormus:—"Be a guardian, my son, to the poor and helpless; and be not confined in the chains of thy own indolence. No one can be at ease in thy dominions, while thou seekest only thy private rest, and sayest, *it is enough*. A wise man will not approve the shepherd who sleeps while a wolf is in the fold. Go, my son, protect thy weak and indigent people; since through them is a King raised to the diadem. The people are the root, and the King is the tree that grows from it; and the tree, O my son, derives its strength from the root."

"Are these mean sentiments, delivered in a pompous language? Are they not rather worthy of our most spirited writers? And do they not convey a fine lesson for a young King? Yet Sadi's poems are highly esteemed at Constantinople, and at Ispahan; though a century or two ago, they would have been suppressed in Europe, for spreading with two strong a glare the light of liberty and reason."

The following is remarkably beautiful:

"O sweet gale, thou bearest the fragrant scent of my beloved; thence it is that thou hast this musky odour! Beware! Do not steal. What hast thou to do with her tresses? O rose! what art thou, to be compared to her bright face? She is fresh, and thou art rough with thorns. O Narcissus! What art thou in comparison of her languishing eye? Her eye is only sleepy, but thou art sick and faint. O pine! compared with her graceful stature, what honour hast thou in the garden? O Wisdom! what wouldst thou choose, if to choose were in thy power, in preference to her love? O sweet basil! what art thou, to be compared to her fresh cheeks? They are perfect musk; but thou art soon withered. Come, my beloved, and charm Hafez with thy presence, if thou canst but stay with him for a single day!"

The succeeding little song is not unlike a sonnet ascribed to Shakspeare, which deserves to be cited here as a proof that the Eastern imagery is not so different from the European as we are apt to imagine:

The forward violet thus did I chide,
"Sweet thief! whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? Thy purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
Those flow'rs I noted, yet I none could see,
But scent or colour it had stolen from thee."

In another place, the same critick expatiates on the extent and dignity of Persian Poesy.

"The Heroick Poem of Ferdusi might be versified as easily as the Iliad; and I see no reason why the delivery of Persia by Cyrus should not be a subject as interesting to us as *the anger of Achilles* or *the wandering of Ulysses*. The Odes of Hafez, and

‡ These words are feminine in the Greek language.

of Mesihi, would suit our Lyrick measures as well as those ascribed to Anacreon; and the seven Arabick Elegies, that were hung up in the Temple of Mecca, and of which there are several fine copies at Oxford, would, no doubt, be highly acceptable to the lovers of antiquity, and the admirers of native genius."

"As to the great Epick Poem of Ferdusi, which was composed in the tenth century, it would require a very long treatise to explain all its beauties with a minute exactness. The whole collection of that poet's works is called Shalmana, and contains the history of Persia from the earliest times to the invasion of the Arabs, in a series of very noble poems; the longest and most regular of which is an Heroick Poem of one great and interesting action, namely, the Delivery of Persia by Cyrus from the Oppressions of Afrasiah, King of Transoxan Tartary, who, being assisted by the Emperours of India and China, together with all the demons, giants, and enchanters of Asia, had conquered very far, and become exceedingly formidable to the Persians. This poem is longer than the Iliad; the characters in it are various and striking; the figures bold and animated; and the diction every where sonorous, yet noble; polished, yet full of fire. A great profusion of learning has been thrown away by some criticks in comparing Homer with the Heroick poets who have succeeded him; but it requires very little judgment to see, that no succeeding poet whatever can with any propriety be compared with Homer: that great father of the Grecian poetry and of literature had a genius too fruitful and comprehensive to let any of the striking parts of nature escape his observation; and the poets who have followed him, have done little more than transcribe his images, and give a new dress to his thoughts. Whatever elegance and refinements, therefore, may have been introduced into the works of the moderns, the spirit and invention of Homer have ever continued without a rival: for which reasons I am far from pretending to assert that the poet of Persia is equal to that of Greece; but there is certainly a very great resemblance between the works of those extraordinary men: both drew their images from nature herself, without catching them only by reflection, and painting in the manner of the modern poets, *the likeness of a likeness;* and both possessed in an eminent degree, *that rich and creative invention which is the very soul of poetry.*"

It is but justice to the authour to subjoin the following paragraph:

"I must request that, in bestowing these praises on the writings of Asia, I may not be thought to derogate from the merit of the Greek and Latin poems which have been justly admired in every age; yet I cannot but think that our European poetry has subsisted too long on the perpetual repetition of the same fables; and it has been my endeavour for several years to inculcate this truth, that, if the principal writings of the Asiaticks, which are reposited in our publick libraries, were printed with the usual advantages of notes and illustrations, and if the languages of the Eastern nations were studied in our great seminaries of learning, where every other branch of useful knowledge is taught to perfection, a new and ample field would be open for speculation; we should have a more extensive insight into the history of the human mind; we should be furnished with a new set of images and similitudes; and a number of excellent compositions would be brought to light, which future scholars might explain, and future poets imitate."

For The Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

Busts of PENN, WASHINGTON, and HAMILTON have lately been added to the collections in The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. The first of the common marble of the country, and the two last of the marble of Carrara. The bust of Hamilton is an admira-

ble likeness of that great man and very honourable to the genius of the sculptor. The sectary wig, and the formal band of the benevolent quaker, and the full frizzed foretop of Gen. Washington have rather a ludicrous effect and we believe the adoption of such a costume is utterly repugnant to every correct principle both in painting and statuary. From this ridiculous errour the bust of Hamilton is perfectly free. It is a head *a l'antique*, and indeed has a strong resemblance in feature and expression to the bust of many an illustrious Roman.

Two small statues in marble of Flora, and of Marsyas punished by Apollo are exquisitely beautiful. The latter, in particular, merits the attentive study of the amateur and the artist. It would be an admirable and appropriate ornament for the reading room of some of our classical scholars. The fable on which the sculpture is founded is one of the most pleasing in ancient Mythology. A mountebank in musick, contending for the mastery with the god of the art, and justly punished for his absurd audacity, very correctly represents the triumph of Genius over the Democratick insolence of vulgar pretension.

Ellen—an Irish Tale.

By the late R. B. Davis Esq.

Slow roll'd the mist up *Denard's* height,
And sweetly beam'd the morning ray,
The friends of Kavan, with delight,
Saluted Ellen's nuptial day.

For Ellen was the loveliest maid
That 'mongst Hibernia's daughters smiled;
And wide her sire's domains were spread,
And Ellen was his only child.

And Donnel was the youth so blest,
To whom were destined Ellen's charms;
He hail'd, with palpitating breast,
The day that brought her to his arms.

His voice was sweet, his harp well strung;
And while still slumbering Ellen lay,
Thus in the notes of love he sung:
"Arise, my fair, and come away:

"The morn is clear: the lovely voice
"Of birds is heard on every spray;
"The vales, the hills, the fields rejoice:
"Arise, my fair, and come away.

"'Tis Donnel calls thee—come, my love,
"We'll meet with glee the charming day;
"We'll mount the hill—we'll trace the grove:
"Arise, my fair, and come away."

She rose—the trumpet's thrilling sound
The festival of love declared;
The voice of mirth was heard around,
And all the genial banquet shared.

There many a maiden heavenly bright,
Threw round the captivating glance,
And join'd with many a gallant knight
In the blithe song and varying dance.

Not so poor *Carrol*, son of grief!
Who raved, by fiercest passions torn;
Joyless he wander'd for relief;—
Joyless he view'd the brilliant morn.

For Ellen was his promised bride,
His only love in early youth,
Till *avarice*, and unfeeling pride
Had burst the sacred bands of truth.

Richer than Carrol's was the land
Of Donnel;—nobler was his sire;
Great was his heart, and strong his hand;
Yet Carrol's virtues mounted higher.

No form, with manly beauty graced,
To gen'rous Carrol's could compare:
His heart was soft, and honour traced
Its best, its warmest virtues there.

Yet, vain is honour, vain is grace,
Where gold and prejudice decide—
Reluctant, Carrol yields his place,
And sadly quits his promised bride.

Now high the notes of joy resound,
Gay is the feast in Kavan's hall;
The cup, the song, the laugh go round,
And sportive mirth embraces all.

The bards now touch their high toned strings;
Love is their theme—successful love;
When lo! a stranger minstrel sings;
His strains in other accents move.

With charms of plaintive sweetness flow
The finely modulated notes—
Each bosom feels a magick glow,
While softly round the musick floats.

Fair Ellen knew the impassion'd sound:
'Twas Carrol—well she knew the sign,
When (while the festive bowl went round)
His look said, "Ellen, thou art mine."

She felt—she thought on former days;
For Carrol still her heart possess'd;
Again she felt that passion blaze
Which long lay smother'd in her breast.

And, while the guests, inspired with wine,
Gay spent the unnoticed midnight hour,

"My friend," she cried, "I still am thine;
"Oh, constant love! I own thy power."

She spoke, and unperceived withdrew;
Her faithful minstrel follow'd soon;
And ere the sun had kiss'd the dew
Carrol and Ellen both were one.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from Page* 202.)

The following remarkable fact, which happened about twenty-three years ago in North America, will display the power of Providence to preserve, even under circumstances the most desperate and forlorn, and possesses all the character of a miracle: it is the narrative of

THE BOAT-WRECK.

It was in the year 1783, in the inhospitable clime of Nova Scotia, that a party was sent one day from a frigate then lying in Halifax Harbour, to a small spot situated at its entrance, called Partridge Island, for the purpose of obtaining wood and water for the ship. It was the morning of Christmas Day; and though the cold was extremely severe, yet the sun illumined the icy shores with its enlivening rays.

Alcander was one of the party sent in the cutter on this piece of service; which having completed, they set off, with the longboat in tow. For a while they rowed cheerfully for the ship; but a quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, before the scud, the sure prognostick of a storm, was seen at a distance; the clouds began to gather; the gale blew from the bason above the harbour; and the sea began to run high; while the snow was swept in icy currents before the wind.

The crew continued, however, to row with unceasing perseverance; till at length, seeing the impossibility of reaching the ship with the long boat, they cut it adrift, and pulled away in the cutter with fresh spirits. But the gale had now increased considerably, and the tide had set against them. The whole day was spent in strenuous endeavours to gain the ship; till incessant labour began to be succeeded by the stupor of despair. The cutting cold had now benumbed every faculty; such of the crew as wore their long hair tied, found it frozen to their jackets; their eyelashes became incrusted with frost and snow; and their feet were without any sense of feeling. It was now that the accumulating waves came rolling on, till huge mountains of sea raised the boat on their fearful heights, and then, breaking at once, discharged it, as it were with scorn, into the valley of waters beneath. On each of these seas, Death appeared to ride in his triumphal chariot with the Dæmon of the Storm. Happily, the officer who was with Alcander, a veteran seaman, watched their approach with calmness, judgment and fortitude; and, when he beheld the tremendous sea rolling its foaming waves, dexterously presented the boat's head to meet their fury, while in their retiring and absence he encouraged the almost exhausted crew to pull with all their strength for the nearest shore. A marine who rowed the bow oar laid it down in the agony of despair, but was made to renew his exertions by the intrepid helmsman. A fresh danger now presented itself as they approached the land; the breakers appeared under their lee, and they found themselves close to the most rocky part of the shore: the wreck of the boat was inevitable; the awful moment arrived; she struck; and another sea carried her forward with such rapidity upon the rocks, that her frame was instantaneously shook to pieces, and the planks separated, which, with the thwarts and oars, drifted upon the tops of the billows.

The exhausted crew, frozen in every limb, wounded by the sharp points of the rocks, and up to their necks in water, were scarcely able to reach the shore. The youth Alcander, who was the last of the number, lay for a time senseless, and only awakened from his stupor to meet the horrours of a more dreadful situation.

The crew who had first reached the beach, after having turned round a point formed by some trees, had the good fortune to discover a path, and called to the unhappy Alcander to follow them; but he heard not the friendly summons. Exquisite was the distress of Alcander when he found himself alone. In vain did he halloo to his companions; the loud wind swallowed up the sound, and it was lost. He, however, kept along the beach, hoping that that was the way the people had taken. Nothing surely could be conceived more dreary and forlorn: the rocks marbled in frost; the tall pines and firs bending their branches incrusted with snow, over his head; the sea beating the shore with all the violence of the storm; the moon visible in a full glare at one moment, and hid the next by the black clouds scudding before its disk. At length the weary and comfortless Alcander came to a sloop lying on its beam ends upon the beach, and, overjoyed at the sight, sought to find some shelter from the cold, and rest from his fatigue within its deck; but great was his disappointment when he found it completely filled with ice. Disheartened at this attempt, he pursued the beach for another mile, dejected and in despair. Presently drowsiness, a sure symptom of the cold having almost reached the heart, came over him; he sunk down upon the snow, and, uttering an imperfect prayer,

resigned himself to death. The sound of guns firing at a distance, in the harbour, from the ships which were celebrating the festival, recalled his senses. The love of life and its enjoyments rushed upon his mind; he thought of his family and friends, and that they were, perhaps, at that moment, drinking the cheerful glass to his health. Roused at the thought, he made an effort to get up, and hallooed as loud as he could, hopeless of being heard; but Providence, *where none appears, can find herself a way.* Two figures presented themselves at this moment before him, dressed in fur caps and great coats; they started, and Alcander started in his turn; he could scarcely believe them human; it appeared a miracle that two men should be with him, as it were in a moment, on the dreary shore at that hour; for it was now late at night. They spoke English to him; and he answered them with astonishment. They were two natives, who were employed in clearing some land that belonged to them, and for that purpose, constantly kept a fire in the woods, in a temporary log-house, on the spot where they worked. It was to this place they carried the exhausted Alcander, who reviewed the circumstances of his deliverance with amazement; he could scarcely believe it real. To add to his happiness, he discovered the kind features of humanity in the rude faces of his deliverers: they immediately used every expedient to restore the circulation of the blood, but found the frost had seized the extremities, and had made a rapid progress to the heart: they revived his drooping spirits with some liquor, which they prudently mixed with water, and presented him some biscuit and dried fish: the American settler was kind and courteous. The next morning these friendly natives conveyed Alcander, on a hurdle between them, the nearest road to their own house, where they placed him under the care of Arina, the daughter of the eldest of them. Arina was tall; her features soft and complacent; and her manners engaging. She immediately procured some rich milk from the cow, and presented it to him with that natural grace which outvies the most studied politeness. Her native simple manners pleased Alcander; and she listened with astonishment to the stories he related of a more polished world. Thus did Alcander pass his hours with a kind and sensible American, until he was able to join his ship, whose brave commander rewarded the generous natives with six months provisions, and a new set of rigging for their schooner, named after Arina; for almost every American settler is possessed of a small vessel. Thus did the immediate interposition of Providence snatch Alcander from the arms of death, to prove, that where none appears, she can make herself a way, and *that every day we live, is a day of mercy.*

POLITE LITERATURE.

In our last, we commenced the publication of a new translation of the Memoirs of Marmontel, and we believe sufficiently interested our readers, by an artless narrative of his early adventures, as the editor of a literary Journal. We now resume the subject, and give a *complete* history of his management of The *Mercury*, a paper, which, under his judicious direction, combined with the powerful aid of a numerous tribe of wits, attained a degree of celebrity, little short of that of the Tatler or Spectator. Indeed, it is believed that there never was a Journal of such variety of contents, and upon a plan so liberal and comprehensive, conducted with more address and ability. The proprietor, who was eminently gifted with all the talents requisite for a work so arduous, so boundless, and so versatile, had the rare good fortune to form a league with many of the finest scholars of France, and this combination, which undoubtedly contributed much to the success of the work, was never broken by the petty pretensions of the vain, or the malignant machinations of the envious. Nothing can be more charming than our authour s description of the alacrity, with which men of Genius and Learning embarked in his cause, and nothing more conclusive can be offered with respect to the *effects* produced by such an *harmonious concert* of the disciples of Literature. It was a favourite opinion of Pope, Swift, and Arburthnot, that such an alliance among a few men of acknowledged ability, would be potent enough not only to form the taste, but to chastise all the knaves and fools of a nation. We believe implicitly in the truth of this sentiment, and, indeed, it has been remarkably verified both in England and France. The satyrists above alluded to, together with Steele, Addison, and others, repressed the dunces of the age, quelled the spirit of false criticism, formed the taste of the town, excited a general passion for elegant letters, and effected a complete revolution in the national character. During the eventful year of 1798, one of the most embarrassing epochs in Mr. Pitt's ministry, when England was deplorably factious at home, and horribly menaced from abroad, a paper, published during only one session of Parliament, we allude to the Anti-Jacobin or Weekly Examiner, changed national gloom at once into sunshine, joy, and gladness. A *band* of political and literary *brothers* of the finest genius and the soundest principles, by telling the truth with all boldness; by gayly animating the courage of their friends; by honestly stating the real resources of the country; by paying due honours to its constitution, laws, literature, and religion; by exposing the blasphemy of the Atheist, and detecting the lies of the Jacobin, gloriously accomplished what no

single mind could perform, no, not BURKE, nor JOHNSON, nor Chancellor BACON himself.

So, to return to the subject of this article, Marmontel and his compeers diffused elegant and instructive literature among the remotest provinces of the French monarchy, soothed trembling Merit with all the blandishments of candid criticism, promoted the interests both of the fine and the useful arts, added to the stock of political information, assisted the cause of science, successfully conducted Thalia and Melpomene to the stage, and above all, roused and fostered infant Genius in the cradle. This is no ignoble or inglorious service. How it was performed let Marmontel himself declare, and, while we read a story so engagingly told, we shall have occasion to admire the benignity of his heart, as well as the resources of his genius, and to contemplate a group of great men, who have added another Augustan age to the chronology of the French empire.

For The Port Folio.

If The Mercury had been merely a literary Journal, in composing it I should have had but a single task to perform, a single path to pursue. But formed of different elements, and calculated to embrace a great variety of objects, it was necessary that, in all its branches, it should fulfil its destination; that, agreeably to the taste of the subscribers, it should supply the place of the gazettes to persons fond of news; that it should furnish an account of theatrical entertainments to the lovers of the drama; that it should give a correct idea of literary productions to those who, by reading select books, wish to instruct or to amuse themselves; that to the sound and sage part of the publick who interest themselves in discoveries in the useful arts, in the progress of the salutary arts, it should communicate their attempts and the success of their inventions; that it should announce to the lovers of the Fine Arts the new productions, and sometimes the writings of artists. That part of the sciences which is an object of the senses, and which might be an object of curiosity for the publick, was also within its domain. But above all, it was necessary, for the sake of its provincial readers, that it should interest particular places and societies, and that the wits of the different cities in the kingdom should find inserted in it, their enigmas, their madrigals, their epistles: this part of The Mercury, apparently the most frivolous, was, however, the most lucrative.

It would have been difficult to imagine a Journal more various, or possessing greater attractions and more abundant resources. Such was the idea which I gave of it in the preface to my first volume, in the month of August, 1758, "Its form, said I, makes it susceptible of everything agreeable and useful; and talents produce neither flowers nor fruits with which The Mercury does not crown itself; literary, civil, and political, it extracts, collects, announces, and embraces all the productions of genius and of taste; it is a kind of rendezvous of the arts and sciences, and the channel of their commerce. It is a field whose fertility may be increased, both by the aid of culture, and by the riches which will be scattered over it. It may be considered as an extract, or as a collection: as an extract, it regards myself; as a collection, its success depends on the succours which I shall receive. In the critical department, the estimable man whom I suceeed, without presuming completely to replace him, leaves me an example of exactness and wisdom, of candour and urbanity, which I consider myself bound to follow. It is my purpose to speak to men of letters the language of truth, of decency, and of esteem, and my attention to point out the beauties of their works, will justify the freedom with which I shall remark their imperfections. I know better than any one, and do not blush at the avowal, how much a young authour is to be pitied, when, abandoned to insult, he has modesty enough to pronounce his own interdiction. This authour, whoever he be, will find in me, not a passionate avenger, but, according to the measure of my understanding, an equitable estimator. An irony, a parody, a raillery, prove nothing, and enlighten no one; they are

even more interesting to the rabble of readers than a rational and polished criticism; the moderate tone of reason has nothing consoling for envy, nothing flattering for malignity, but my design is not to prostitute my pen to the envious and the malignant. With regard to the collective part of this work, although my intention is to contribute to it as largely as may be in my power, were it merely to fill up the vacuities, I count for nothing what I may be able to perform; all my hope rests on the good will and succour of men of letters; and I dare believe that it is well founded. If some of the most estimable amongst them have not disdained to confide to The Mercury the amusements of their leisure, frequently even the fruits of a serious study, at a time when the success of this Journal tended only to the advantage of a single man, what succours ought I not to expect from the concourse of talents interested in giving it support? The Mercury is not the property of an individual; it is a publick domain, of which I am merely the cultivator and the manager."

Thus was my labour announced: it was also powerfully seconded. The moment was propitious. A flock of young poets began to try their wings. I encouraged this first flight by publishing the brilliant essays of Malfilatre; I inspired those hopes of him which he would have fulfilled, had not a premature death snatched him from us. The just praise which I bestowed on the poem of Jumonville revived, in the tender and virtuous Thomas, that great talent which inhuman criticks had frozen. I presented to the publick the happy first-fruits of the translation of Virgil's Georgicks, and I dared to assert that, if this divine poem could be translated into elegant and harmonious French verse that task would be performed by the Abbé Delille. By inserting in The Mercury, a heroick epistle of Collardeau, I evinced how nearly the style of this young poet, by its melody, its purity, its grace, and its elevation, approached the perfection of the models of the art. I spoke plausively of the heroick epistles of La Harpe. Finally, on occasion of the success of the *Hypermnestre* of Lemierre, "See then, said I, three recent tragick poets, who inspire brilliant hopes: the authour of *Iphigenie en Tauride*, by his skilful and simple manner of gradually increasing the interest of the action, and by passages of vehement eloquence worthy of the greatest masters; the authour of *Astarbe*, by animated poesy, by a round and harmonious versification, and by the lofty and bold delineation of a character to which there was nothing wanting to give it action, but contrasts worthy of his genius; and the authour of *Hypermnestre*, by pictures of the most intrepid boldness. It is for the publick, added I, to protect them, to encourage them, to console them for the outrageous attacks of envy. The Arts have need of the illumination of criticism and the impulse of glory. It is not to the persecuted Cid, but to the Cid triumphant, over persecution, that Cinna owed its birth. Encouragement inspires negligence and presumption only in little minds; with regard to elevated souls, to lively imaginations, in a word, to great talents, the enthusiasm produced by success becomes the enthusiasm of genius. They have but one poison to dread, it is that which chills them."

In pleading the cause of men of letters, I did not fail to mingle with moderate praise criticism sufficiently severe, but innocent, and uttered in the same tone that a friend would have employed with his friend. By this spirit of benevolence and equity I gained the good will of the young men of letters, and had almost all of them as cooperators.

The tribute of the provinces was still more abundant. It was not altogether precious; but if in the pieces of poetry or prose which were sent to me, there were merely negligences, inaccuracies, or defects of detail, I took care to correct them. If sometimes I found at the point of my pen some good verses, or interesting lines

I silently introduced them; and the authours have never complained to me of these little infidelities.

In the department of the sciences and of the arts, I had still abundant resources. In medicine, at that period, the problem of inoculation was agitated. The comet predicted by Halley, and announced by Clairault, fixed the eyes of astronomy; natural philosophy afforded me many curious observations, for publication: for instance, I was thanked for having brought to light the means of cooling liquors in summer. Chymistry communicated to me a new remedy for the bite of vipers, and the inestimable secret of bringing back the drowned to life. Surgery imparted to me its happy and bold attempts, and its wonderful successes. Natural History, under the pencil of Buffon, presented to me a crowd of pictures of which I had the choice. Vaucanson charged me with the description of his ingenious machines to the eyes of the publick: the architect Leroi, and the engraver Cochin, after having surveyed as artists, the one the ruins of Greece, and the other the wonders of Italy, vied with each other in enriching me with brilliant descriptions, or learned observations; and my extracts from their travels were an amusing excursion for my readers. Cochin, a man of wit, and whose was scarcely less chaste and correct than his burine, also furnished me with excellent productions on the subject of the arts which were the object of his studies. I recollect two of them, which painters and sculptors undoubtedly have not forgotten: the one, *on light in shade;* the other, *on the difficulties of painting and of sculpture, compared with each other.* He dictated the account that I gave to the publick of the exhibition of paintings in 1759, one of the finest that has, either before or since, been seen in the saloon of the arts. This disquisition was a model of sound and mild criticism; defects were exposed in it, and beauties exalted. The publick was not deceived, and the artists were content.

At this period, a new career was opened for eloquence. The French academy invited young oratours to pronounce eulogies on great men; and what was my joy at having to publish that the first who, in this contest, and by a worthy panegyrick on Maurice de Saxe, had gained the prize, was the interesting young man whose courage I had so often reanimated, the authour of the poem of Jumonville, whom the sincerity of my counsels pleased at least as much as the equity of my praise, and who, in the privacy of the most intimate friendship, had made me the confidant of his thoughts and the censor of his writings!

I had established a correspondence with all the academies of the kingdom, as well with regard to the arts as polite literature; and without counting their productions which they had the kindness to send me, the very catalogues of their prizes were rendered interesting to the reader, by the correct and profound views which the questions that they proposed for determination announced, whether in morals, in political economy, or in the useful and salutary arts. I was sometimes astonished at the luminous expanse of those questions, which on all sides we received from the extremities of the provinces; nothing to me more strongly marked the direction, the tendency and the progress of the publick mind.

Thus without ceasing to be amusing and frivolous in its gay department, The Mercury did not fail to acquire, in usefulness, some influence and weight. On my part, contributing in the best manner of which I was capable to render it at the same time useful and agreeable, I often inserted some of those tales, into which I have always endeavoured to infuse a small portion of interesting morality. The apology for the theatre, which I made in examining the letter of Rousseau to D' Alembert on the subject of theatrical entertainments, had all the success that truth can have when it combats sophistry, and reason when it seizes, body to body, and closely presses eloquence.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Civil freedom is not, as many have endeavoured to persuade us, a thing that lies hid in the depth of abstruse science. It is a blessing and a benefit, not an abstract speculation; and all the just reasoning that can be put upon it, is of so coarse a texture, as perfectly to suit the ordinary capacities of those who are to enjoy, and of those who are to defend it. Far from any resemblance to those propositions in Geometry and Metaphysicks, which admit no medium, but must be true or false in all their latitude: social and civil freedom, like all other things in common life, are variously mixed and modified, enjoyed in very different degrees, and shaped into an infinite diversity of forms, according to the temper and circumstances of every community. The extreme of liberty (which is its abstract perfection, but its real fault) obtains no where, nor ought to obtain any where. Because extremes, as we all know, in every point which relates either to our duties or satisfactions in life, are destructive both to virtue and enjoyment. Liberty too must be limited in order to be possessed. The degree of restraint it is impossible in any case to settle precisely. But it ought to be the constant aim of every wise publick council, to find out by cautious experiments, and rational, cool endeavours, with how little, not how much of this restraint, the community can subsist. For liberty is a good to be improved, and not an evil to be lessened.

The following is a very curious, and we think it a very characteristical anecdote. The authority is highly respectable, and from our knowledge of that sly, sharping, and scoundrel character which too often disgraces this country, should be easily led to conclude that the *thieves* in question were either from Vermont or Rhode Island.

Barrow in his voyage to Cochin China, describes the island of Amsterdam, a barren spot, in the solitary ocean. In this doleful place our voyager found five human creatures, three French and two Englishmen. They had been left there five months before, to provide a cargo of seal skins, for which their vessel was to return a year after. They had lived upon sea-birds and their eggs with scarcely any sort of vegetable food, had enjoyed uninterrupted health, and had met with great success in hunting. Mr. Barrow afterwards heard that the ship of these poor adventurers had been captured, and that they were taken up, at the end of two years by an *American cruiser*, who landed them at New Holland, and then *ran away with the whole of their seal skins*.

The Edinburgh reviewers, in their criticism upon Herbert's beautiful translations from the Norse and the Runick, indulge themselves in a certain archness of remark which will not be disagreeable to the liberal wits of our own country.

In the famous death-song of Lodbrog, that renowned warriour has been made to assert that the joy of a bloody battle, which he had just described, was *superiour to that of sleeping with a young virgin;* and in another passage, he is made to aver yet more specifically that the pleasure of battering the helmet with the keen falchion, was like that of *kissing a young widow reclining upon a high seat*. Now whatever partiality Lodbrog might entertain for the sport of swords, and for his favourite amusement of hacking with falchions, he had too much taste to give the *preference* imputed in these passages, which are thus justly rendered by M. Herbert:

Bucklers brast, and men were slain;
Stoutest skulls were cleft in twain,
'Twas *not*, I trow, like wooing rest
On gentle maiden's snowy breast.

Again—

——————— where falchions keen
Bit the helmet's polish'd sheen,

'Twas *not* like kissing widow sweet
Reclining on the highest seat.

Such was the real and unbiassed opinion of Lodbrog, the Norse poet and warriour, and, say the Edinburgh criticks, with great gravity, "truly we heartily join in it," to which we most cheerfully respond amen, even on this prudish side of the Atlantick.

—

THE CABIN BOY—*sung by Mr. Dibdin.*

From dad and mam's society,
Whose worth I dare maintain,
I've brav'd the wind's variety
Upon the dangerous main;
Quite young, I'm drove about the ship,
Though I my time employ
In trolling a glee, or quaffing my flip,
And I swear, and tear, and smoke and joke,
And hand, reef, and steer, like an old heart of oak,
Although but a cabin boy.

I've a pretty lass, as young as I,
For whose sweet sake I roam,
Resolv'd right manfully to try
To bear her riches home;
While up I mount the top or yard,
And cannons loud annoy,
The whizzing shot I ne'er regard
But swear, and tear, and smoke, and joke,
And stand to my gun, like an old heart of oak,
Although but a cabin boy.

Should the news reach home (to shock her)
That, alack! I'm lost at sea,
Why sure in Davy's locker
There's room enough for me:
But if successful little Ben
Steers homeward to his joy,
With a cargo of shiners, messmate, then
I'll drink, and sing, and smoke and joke,
And stick to my Sal, like an old heart of oak,
Although but a cabin boy.

—

The following is a beautiful description by Lord Holland, of the literary renown of Lope de' Vega.

This "Phœnix of Spanish literature," dedicated his Corona Tragica, a poem on the queen of Scots, to Pope Urban VIII, who had himself composed an epigram on the subject. Upon this occasion, he received from that Pontiff, a letter written in his own hand, and the degree of doctor of theology. Such a flattering tribute of admiration sanctioned the reverence in which his name was held in Spain, and spread his renown through every catholick country. The Cardinal Barberini followed him with veneration in the streets; the king would stop to gaze at such a prodigy; the people crowded round him, wherever he appeared the learned and the studious thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain to see this poet; and even Italians, no extravagant admirers in general of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country for the sole purpose of conversing with Lope. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew in common conversation to signify any thing perfect in its kind; and a Lope diamond, a Lope day, or a Lope woman became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities. His poetry was as advantageous to his fortune as to his fame. The king enriched him with pensions. The pope honoured him with dignities and preferments; and every nobleman at Court aspired to the character of his Mæcenas, by conferring upon him frequent and valuable presents. His annual income was not less than 1500 ducats, exclusive of the price of his plays, which Montalvan estimates at 80,000; and he received in presents from individuals 10,500 more.

—

The subsequent passage descriptive of the fertility of De' Vega's muse seems to realize all which has been romantically asserted of the admirable Crichton, or Picus of Mirandola.

His works are remarkable for their incredible multitude, and for the astonishing facility and despatch with which they were written. In this respect he must be allowed to outstrip all writers ancient and modern. He is most wonderful, says his elegant biographer, for the prodigious number of his writings. Twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines are said to be actually printed; and no less than *eighteen hundred* plays of his composition, to have been acted on the stage. He nevertheless asserts in one of his last poems, that,

No es minima parte, aunque es exceso
De lo que està por imprimer ; lo impreso.

The printed part, though far too large, is less
Than that, which yet unprinted, waits the press.

But whatever skepticism may be entertained concerning the number of his verses, all contemporary authours concur in representing the number of his plays as prodigious. "At last appeared," says Cervantes in his prologue, "that prodigy of nature, the great Lope, and established his monarchy on the stage. He conquered and reduced under his jurisdiction every actor and authour in the kingdom. He filled the world with plays written with purity and the plot conducted with skill, in number so many that they exceed eighteen hundred sheets of paper; and what is the most wonderful of all that can be said upon the subject, every one of them have *I seen acted*, or *heard of their being so from those that have seen them;* and though there have been many who have attempted the same career, all their works together would not equal in quantity what this single man has composed."

Montalvan asserts that he not only wrote eighteen hundred plays, but four hundred *autos sacramentales;* and affirms that if the works of this literary idol were placed in one scale, and that of all ancient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would decide the comparison in point of quantity, and be a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit, of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together.

Allowing, say the Edinburgh Reviewers, every reasonable deduction for mistake and exaggeration, enough will still be left to render this a *very interesting and extraordinary account.* These criticks conclude with their usual good sense, that such instances of intellectual agility are as curious, though probably as useless, as the wonderful accomplishments of the body; and a man who can write two thousand verses a day is as well worth crowding after as one who can walk two hundred miles in the same period, or balance ten tobacco pipes upon different parts of his body.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

Those qualities are sometimes used as synonymous, although essentially different: pride, being founded on the opinion people have of their own merit, can support itself in spite of the neglect or disapprobation of others; whereas vanity lives on the applause and admiration of those around; and when that kind of nourishment is refused, pines and languishes with mortification. Pride, however, is gratified with praise as well as vanity, provided the praise is delicate, comes from a respectable quarter, and is accompanied with the consciousness of being deserved. But vanity devours it voraciously, however coarsely served up, from whatever quarter it comes, and whether merited or not. The vain, continually afraid of losing importance in the world, avoid those of their acquaintance, however worthy of esteem, who are in an humble situation in life, or who are unfashionably dressed, and particularly if they chance to meet them when they themselves are in company with people of high rank. The truly proud man despising such conduct, and never afraid of losing his importance, accosts the humblest of his acquaintance with equal kindness, whether he meets them when alone, or in the circles of grandeur and fashion.

MERRIMENT.

A young man named Eretrius, was, for a considerable time, a follower of Zeno. On his return home, his father asked him what he had learned. The other replied, "That would appear hereafter." On hearing this, the father being enraged, beat his son, who, bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, "He had learned this,—to endure a parent's anger."

Alexander, at one time, sent to Phocion a great present in money. Phocion said to the messenger, "Why does the king send to me, and to none else?" the messenger answered, "Because he takes you to be the only good man in Athens." Phocion replied, "If he thinks so, let him suffer me to be so still."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

COLUMBIA—*A New Patriotick Ode.*

The following Ode was written for the occasional Concerts at the Columbian Museum in Boston, and sung, for the first time, on the evening of the 11th ult. It is from the pen of Mr. JAMES ELLISON, a citizen of Boston, and set to musick by F. SCHAFFER.

From realms where mad *Ambition* reigns,
And *Anarch* stalks th'embattled plains:
Where Europe laves in purple gore,
And *Mars* leads on the madden'd war;
Fair FREEDOM exil'd, sought our coast,
Here fix'd her mild and peaceful reign,
Oppression fled her freeborn host;
Recoil'd the tyrants of the main!
Then shout Columbians, brave and free,
Ye sons of Glory—Liberty;
From age to age, from sire to son,
Loud shout the deeds of Washington!

He bid your EAGLE (perch'd on high)
Sound INDEPENDENCE through the sky,
Whilst JOVE'S dread thunder rock'd the world,
And on your *foes* his vengeance hurl'd!
Britannia saw her armies bleed;
And from your shores her squadrons flee,
Reluctant hail'd, (by Heaven decreed)
Columbia—Independent—Free.
Then shout Columbians, &c.

Now to the azure realms of light,
Columbia's *Genius* wings her flight:
There sees enthron'd with *gods* her son,
The brave—the matchless Washington—
He speaks, enrapt the spheres resound;
Hark! tis your *hero's* sage command,
"BE UNION *'mid your councils found,*
And FACTION *banish'd from your land!*"
Then shout Columbians, &c.

Bid the proud *oaks* your hills descend
To guard your *rights*, your shores defend,
With *Neptune* share his lucid plain,
And roll your THUNDER o'er the main:
Then should "*sea*-LEOPARDS"* battle wage,
Columbia's free born TARS defy,
Your CANNONS death-wing'd bolts shall rage,
Till foes proclaim your VICTORY.
Then shout Columbians, &c.

Should hostile bands again invade,
Your sons shall quit the peaceful shade,
Each breast with patriot ardour glow,
With *godlike* courage meet the *foe;*
While *Eaton's* sword protects your land,
Columbian *Prebles* rule the sea,
Your *foes* shall fly the victor band,
Still leave you INDEPENDENT—FREE!
Then shout Columbians, brave and free,
Ye sons of Glory—Liberty;
From age to age, from sire to son
Loud shout the deeds of Washington.

On seeing the Picture of Christ blessing the Elements.

The thought is Love, in all its kindest care;
'Tis something more than Hope, and yet 'tis Pray'r:
'Tis Confidence, and Resignation too.
The eye appears with chasten'd glance to view,
On high, the Throne of everlasting day.
The silent semblance speaks, it seems to say,
"Vouchsafe, Oh Father! to accept in me
The willing victim of thy dread decree:
Be in my death fulfill'd Redemption's plan,
And THESE the pledges betwixt God and Man."

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* Alluding not only to the *recent outrage*, but to the many insults offered to our *flag*, from almost every nation, owing in a great measure to the defenceless state of our country and its commerce.

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